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Winger, Otho, 1877-1946.

In memory of Ida Miller

Winger

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In Memory of
IDA MILLER WINGER

By Her Husband
Otho Winger

GEN

5-91

FOREWORD

This booklet is not for sale, but for friends and members of the family, and especially for the younger ones that they may not forget one who lived a good life and who was near and dear to many while she lived.

OTHO WINGER

SECOND PRINTING

The News-Journal Printers



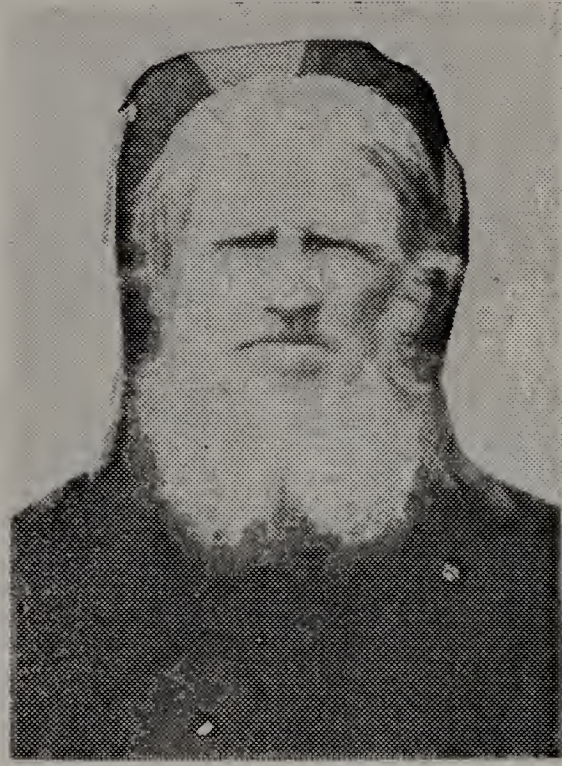
Ottho and Ida Winger



IDA MILLER WINGER
August 31, 1875—
January 29, 1944



ELDER MICHAEL MILLER
The Paternal Grandfather



MARCUS A. CUPP
The Maternal Grandfather

Michael Miller was born in Pennsylvania in 1817. He came to Ohio when a young man, where he married, first, Charity Maurer, and, after her death, within a few years, he married Phoebe Bigler. To this union were born fifteen children. He moved his family to Marshall County, Indiana, and then to Western Missouri; after a few years he moved to Wabash County, Indiana, where he spent the rest of his life. He died in North Manchester, February 18, 1900. In middle age he was called to the ministry, and thereafter served as a local preacher in the congregations where he lived. He succeeded the capable R. H. Miller, Sr., as presiding elder of Manchester congregation and served a few years until old age caused him to retire.

Marcus A. Cupp (Kopp) was born in Rockingham County, Va., in 1811. When a young man he went to Allen County, Ohio, where he married Elizabeth Brower. She was a member of a prominent Dunker family. This no doubt explains why he changed membership from the Lutheran, to the Dunker, church. He moved to Western Missouri, but after a few years he came to Wabash County, Indiana, where he spent the rest of his life. He died at the ripe old age of 95.

In Western Missouri, Amos Miller, son of Michael and Phoebe Bigler Miller, met and married Sarah, daughter of Marcus and Elizabeth Brower Cupp. In 1875, the young parents moved to Wabash County, Indiana. They lived in a log house for a time, on the Wabash-Kosciusko County line. Here Ida was born, August 31 1875. Later the family moved to a home west of North Manchester, in which neighborhood they lived for many years. The picture on the left is Ida's first picture at the age of three with her sister, Bertha.



Ida and Bertha



Ida, Edith and Bertha

The two sisters were close friends all their lives, though after their marriages they often lived far apart. The picture on the right includes their younger sister, Edith in the center. Each sister has contributed much to the church and to society.

Ida gave a sister's devoted love to her only brother, Roy, with whom she is shown in the following picture.



Ida and Roy



This is the old home on Locust Hill, where we were married on July 24, 1902, Rev. A. L. Wright officiating. Mother Miller and Edith

are in the front yard. In 1905, Father Miller built a large brick house just east of this old house. In 1912 he sold the farm and moved to Maple Oaks, in North Manchester. Here they spent the last eighteen years of their lives, with Edith taking good care of them. Father Miller died in 1929 and Mother Miller in 1930. They were honest, god-fearing, hard-working people and left a good heritage for their children.



The Family of Amos and Sarah Cupp Miller

July 24, 1902, when they adopted me.

Ida and her new husband, her brother, A. L. Miller, Syracuse, Indiana,
Bertha's husband, Levi Neher (deceased in 1924) Bertha.

Now Mrs. A. M. Stine.

FATHER AND MOTHER MILLER

EDITH

VIOLA

ROYAL



Deedie and the Grandchildren

The above picture shows most of the grandchildren of the Miller family. From left to right: Royal Neher, now teaching at Dallas, Texas. Viola now Mrs. Glen Whitehead, North Webster, Robert M. Winger, Lansing, Michigan, Assistant state supervisor of vocational training in the high schools of Michigan. Kendall Neher, physician and surgeon, Cleveland, Ohio. Paul Winger, Supt. of Schools, Sturgis, Michigan. Hazel Miller, now Mrs. Dale LeClare, Mansfield, Ohio, Mabel Miller, now Mrs. Walter Smith, Syracuse, Indiana, and Galen Neher (deceased in 1925). Other grandchildren arrived after this picture was taken, Lauren Neher, Ralph, Betty and Frances Miller.

The insert is that of Edith holding Robert. She took some care of all the grandchildren in turn. The oldest Royal, could not say Edith, but called her "Deedie." That name stuck and became a family name for her used by all the family more or less. She has been a great blessing to all members of the family who love her and admire her for what she is and for what she has done.



The Acme School



Ida as a School Teacher

Here Ida received her grade schooling, and later taught here for two years. In the back ground is the old meeting house of the Church of the Brethren. On the play ground, when she was about ten years old, she fell on the ice, injuring her hip, causing a long spell of sickness then and much suffering, pain and trouble for the rest of her life.

Ida taught two years at Acme, 1895-97; then two years, 1897-99 in Fruitdale and Citronelle seminaries, Alabama. She entered Manchester College in 1899 but was soon asked to do some teaching in the commercial department; then was soon asked to teach full time



Ida Rooming in the Old Dormitory

She was a full time member of the faculty when we were married in 1902. She was a good teacher and enjoyed the work.

Ida had many friends of whom I should like to speak but lack of space permits me to mention but two. The accompanying picture shows her with Orpha Funk, now Mrs. A. R. Bridge. They were young school teachers together in adjoining counties, and became very fast friends, frequently visiting in each other's homes, both before and after they were married. The other was Alice King, later known as Mrs. Adam Ebey, for thirty years she and her husband were missionaries to India. Of their long friendship, Mrs. Ebey speaks in obituary which she wrote. It is printed near the close of this booklet.

Our first trip was our honeymoon to Niagara Falls and Toronto, Canada.

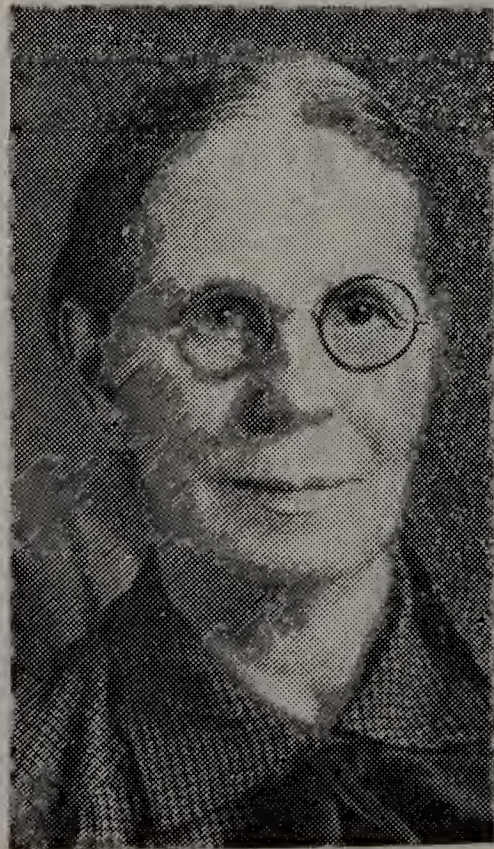
A few weeks later, we started housekeeping in Bloomington, Indiana where I entered the State University. Ida did much work in the Art Department of the University. She painted many beautiful pictures which have graced the walls of our home during these years.



One of Her Shorthand Classes



*Orpha Funk, (Mrs. A. R. Bridge)
and Ida*



Alice King Ebey

She was skillful in the art of sewing, making her own clothes and much other work. She made many beautiful quilts. One of her successful undertakings was to leave a beautiful quilt for each of the grandchildren. She was a good housekeeper and a fine home-maker. She was a wonderful wife and a devoted mother. After one year in college I found it necessary to go back to the school room to earn more money to continue university work. So we spent two years at Sweetser, Indiana, where Robert was born August 20, 1903. We returned to the University early in 1905, where I completed the college course that summer. During these months we both worked to earn money for our schooling. I distributed papers in the city; she cooked and baked for the Women's Exchange. That fall we moved to Hope, Indiana, where I had been elected superintendent of schools. Here Paul was born April 10, 1907. In the summer of 1907 we moved to North Manchester where I became a member of the faculty. In 1911, I was elected president of the college, and, much credit to my good wife I continued for thirty years, 1911-1941.

ATTENDING CONFERENCES

We attended most of the annual Conferences of the Church of the Brethren. We generally chose those routes that would take us into territory where we had not been, and thus we got to see a great deal of the United States. In all we traveled in every state in the Union. Our first long trip was to the Seattle Conference in 1914. By special arrangement, a group of us had our own coach on the way to Seattle. We traveled through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Washington. On our return we came through California, making stops at Long Beach and LaVerne. Here I represented the General Mission Board in offering to Dr. Edward Frantz the editorship of the Gospel Messenger. He accepted the call and spent 29 years in this work. We came by the Grand Canyon and spent part of two days there. A group of us took the horse back ride down the Bright Angel Trail to the Colorado river, seven miles below. It was one of the most exciting trips we ever took. In the picture, the three men farthest up the trail, P. H. Beery, D. D. Culler and George W. Flory, all ministers, have all passed away now. On this trip in 1914 we traveled some seven thousand miles.

Another trip to a conference was quite different—To the Hershey conference in 1921. We went in our old Ford, quite dilapidated and our boys went with us. Seldom were there more than three cylin-



Down the Bright Angel Trail

ders working. Often only two. We had some experience crossing the mountains. We attended the love feast meeting at the Mill Creek Church, Virginia, I gave the commencement address at Elizabethtown college, and at Hershey, I had my first experience moderating the conference. We visited Washington, D. C., New York and many

other cities in the east, and on the return journey we visited the Gettysburg Battlefield, of which the picture is but one of the many interesting scenes there. Mother enjoyed this rather rough journey. She was already getting to be a good traveler. At other times we took journeys through New England, Canada, Florida and the Southwest.



The Devil's Den at Gettysburg

ON INDIAN STUDY TRIPS

During the years when I was making a special study of Indian history, she often went with me. Together we often visited Indian homes and we often had Indians in our home as guests. The accompanying picture shows us on the top of Starved Rock on the Illinois river. It is a steep climb from the land side and the top is 120 feet in perpendicular height from the river below. Here the great LaSalle built a fort that was the center of many important events in Indian and colonial history.

In the fall of 1935, we made a four thousand mile trip that took us through Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Old Mexico, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, to Pensacola, Florida, before we turned northward toward home. Ida was a good traveling companion. In the summer of 1938, after the conference at Lawrence, Kansas, we visited the remaining Indian reservations in Kansas and the main Indian centers in Oklahoma, including all the old capitals of the Indian tribes.



On the Top of Starved Rock

TRIPS TO FLORIDA

We made four trips and visits to Florida. In 1923 I was invited to hold a two weeks meeting and Bible Institute in the Sebring church. It was a great experience to have fellowship with the veteran editor



Our Florida Home in 1937



Ida and Edith Near Lake Worth, Florida

of the Gospel Messenger, J. H. Moore, then the presiding elder at Sebring. In 1937 we were invited by the pastor, Elder D. E. Miller to hold another two weeks meeting there. This time we stayed several weeks after the meeting closed. We lived in a residence out along Lake Jackson. In 1940, Ida and Edith spent three weeks with their uncle



Along the Gulf of Mexico in Florida

Elder C. C. Price, whose wife, their aunt, Emma, had died at their home in Lake Worth. My brother, J. O. and his wife took us to Florida this time. We drove over the Tamiami Trail and across the keys to Key West. In 1942, we spent several weeks of the winter at Sebring, visiting many other places.



Ilda and J. K. Millers in the Hammocks near Sebring

OUR TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

Aside from the regular work of the college the most outstanding event of our forty-two years of married life was our trip around the world in the winter of 1927-28. I had had the opportunity of making this trip, with all expenses paid. Elder H. C. Early, chairman of the General Mission Board, asked that I consent to make the trip with a committee to visit our missions in foreign lands. But I told him I did not want to take that trip until I could take my good wife with me. In the winter of 1926-27, the alumni of the school raised a thousand dollars for me to use for a vacation either in travel or in going to some university. I soon decided that with this help both of us could make the trip. So we planned to leave for Europe in the fall of 1927, but conditions in the college kept us from starting until well toward Christmas. We left New York, December 22. We had a rather rough

sea voyage across the Atlantic and landed at Plymouth, England, December 31. We spent New Years Day, 1928, in London and a few days following visited some of the most historical places in southern England; then after two days in Paris. We went north to Malmo, Sweden; with stops in Brussels, Belgium and The Hague, Holland. We traveled the length and breadth of Germany spending a day each in Berlin, Dresden and Schwarzenau. We visited the great cathedral in Cologne and had a fine day for the trip up the Rhine river. We spent a day in Strausburg and another in Geneva, Switzerland. We crossed into Italy by the Simplon tunnel and spent ten days in that sunny land visiting the famous cities of Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, and Brindisium. During our journey thus far the



Ida is resting on the front steps of the Parthenon, after an interesting and tiring visit to all parts of the Acropolis.

weather was not fit to take pictures. But in Italy and the rest of the trip we had good weather for use of the camera.

We spent busy three days in Greece, the center of interest being Athens and its historic ruins.

We spent three interesting days in Turkish lands, with a side trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. We visited the ancient cities of Constantinople, Smyrna and Rhodes. We landed at Beyrout in Syria and went by auto along the Phoenician coast to Haifa, where we stayed all night and the next day continued our trip to Jerusalem by train. When at last we realized we were in the holy city, we had mixed feelings of awe and wonder. After getting our accumulated mail, we made search for a hotel, and finally chose to stay at the New



The New Central Hotel in Jerusalem

Central out on the Joppa road about a half mile from the main city. It was a clean homey place, medium size, kept by a fine old gentleman, an orthodox Jew. This was to be our home while we visited various places in Palestine. Here we also secured the services of a very competent and agreeable guide, an Arab Momammedan, Fuad Iman. We took plenty of time usually spending one day to visit some famous place.



The Mosque of Omar

Perhaps the most interesting place inside the old city was the Mohammedan Mosque, located on the site of Solomon's Temple. In the picture, Ida is seen looking at this, said to be the second most beautiful building in the world. Since this foundation is solid stone, it is likely she is standing on ground once trod by our Sactor.

Here Ida is on the east side of Jerusalem, just outside of St. Stephen's Gate, perhaps where the first Christian martyr was stoned to death. On across the Brook Kidron is the Garden of Gethsemane, while on beyond extends the Mount of Olives. Extending around its base runs the road down to Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. That road has a descent of 1300 feet in 25 miles, so you can imagine the steepness of the road and curves.

On the next day we took a trip to ancient Hebron, 18 miles south of Jerusalem. Passing by Bethlehem, which we had already visited, we soon came to the old home of Abraham. Here we had the unusual privilege of seeing the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and their wives. These tombs are jealously guarded by the Arabs. Few



*Seeing the Garden of Gethsemane and
the Mount of Olives*



*On the Banks of the Jordan,
Feb. 10, 1928*



*At Hebron the Ancient Home of
Abraham*



Along the Dead Sea

(Here Ida is walking along the Dead Sea while the guide and myself are trying to satisfy the Arab women in their demand for back-sheeth).

travelers ever get in to see them; the Jews are never allowed to enter. Since our guide was a good Mohammdan he secured the privilege for us to enter the building where the tombs are located.

We took a four day trip to Damascus, said to be the oldest city in the world. On our return we spent part of a day around Lake Galilee, and stayed all night at Tiberius, the only city of any size around the lake. On Sunday we ate our dinner, which we had prepared for us in Damascus, at the site of ancient Capernaum. Here we entered into a boat on the traditional spot where Christ gave to the multitudes on the seashore the sermon on the parables, Matt. Chap. 13. The next day we spent in Nazareth, visiting the interesting places of tradition. But the most interesting visit here was to the home of a Greek Arab Christian. She was a lace maker. There were many women in Nazareth



The Sea of Galilee at Capernaum

who wanted to sell lace. This woman was Reemey Georgia. She served us lunch and was very kind and hospitable. We bought some of her lace. After our return home, Ida corresponded with this woman for several years, and purchased more lace of her by mail.



At the Home of Reemey Georgia in Nazareth



Seeing the Pyramids on Camel

We returned from our Damascus trip in time to experience an earthquake of considerable proportions in and around Jerusalem. We were now ready to leave Palestine and after a night in Tel-a-viv, the Jewish city adjoining the Arab Joppa, we crossed the Sinai desert on the railroad and late at night reached a Cairo hotel. In our four days



Seeing the Taj Mahal



Up to Landour, India by a Dandy

in Egypt, we visited ancient Memphis, the pyramids and some of the interesting places in Cairo, chief of which to us was the Cairo museum. We would have spent longer time in Egypt but it was time for our ship, the Rampura, to sail for Bombay and we were ready.

Five days on the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean landed us at Bombay, where we met missionaries whom we had known. The next day we arrived at Anklesvar, 190 miles north of Bombay. Here we had our home for the next few weeks with my sister, Mabel, and family, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Moomaw and sons. During this time we visited all of the mission stations, and also the mission school at Landour in the foothills of the Himalayas. On the trip to Landour, we must make the last part of the journey by a different method. From Raj Pur, the village at the base of the ascent, to the School at Landour is some seven or eight miles with an ascent of about 7000 feet. Ida is carried by four Indian coolies, in a chair swung between two poles. I rode a horse up the ascent but the next day I walked the descent. We enjoyed the night in the missionary home, then in charge of Mrs. Bertha Butterbaugh. On our return we stopped over at Agra, the home of the famous Hindu temple, The Taj Mahal, said to be the most beautiful building in the world. We also visited the Tomb of Akbar, five miles in the country. It too is a very beautiful building. On this trip we had the experience of being caught in an Indian dust



Resting Under a Banyan Tree in the Jungles of India



A Native Village at Anklesvar, India



Attending Sunday Morning Services at Vyara, India

storm, but were lucky enough to get back to Agra safely. We had many interesting experiences in India. But space here will not permit more descriptions. The picture shows Ida and the missionaries with hundreds of native Christians sitting in the boiling Indian sun during Sunday morning service.



Crossing a River in China by House Boat

We said goodbye to our friends in India and after a sixteen days ocean voyage arrived at Hong Kong, where we were met by our old friend, Moy Gwong, who accompanied us inland two hundred miles to where he, Martha Shick and Elizabeth Postma were conducting a Chinese School. We spent one week here, taking some trips among Chinese villages. On one of these trips Ida and Miss Shick were carried all day in Chinese traveling chairs by Chinese coolies. We spent about two weeks in Hong Kong. The accompanying illustration shows Ida standing in front of our hotel while I try to get a picture of the Chinese girls on their way from school. We were struck with the interesting dress and intelligent appearance of the girls. Ten years later we were horrified to read in the paper how just such a group of these girls were blown to bits by a Japanese bomb.



Chinese School Girls Near Our Hotel in Hong Kong

On our way to Japan we stopped one day at Shanghai where we were entertained in the home of Hubert and Ella Cheng. I had performed the marriage ceremony for them in America. Now they have two fine children. We saw many things in Shanghai which I will not here describe.

We spent two weeks in Japan, most of the time in Kobe. We made our home at Pleasanton Hotel, conducted by an American, Henry Sanborn. We soon became acquainted with two Japanese members of the Church of the Brethren, Brother and Sister Joseph Nishikawa. He had joined our church in California, while she was baptized by Brother J. H. B. Williams when he was on his trip to visit the mission fields.

We visited them many times in their nifty Japanese home. They took meals with us in our hotel. They went with us to interesting



In the Home of Hubert and Ella Cheng in Shanghai



The Home of Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Nishikawa in Kobe, Japan



--- *Seeing a Japanese City by Jinrickasha*



Seeing Japanese Children at Play



Homeward Bound on the Japanese Ship, Taio Maru

places in Kobe and to visit the ancient cities of Osaka and Kyoto. In all our trip around the world we found no one more congenial than this Christian, Japanese couple. He was a teacher of English. She was a wonderful housekeeper. We have heard since that he died shortly after our visit, and we have wondered so much what became of his dear little wife.

We spent some time in the Japanese cities of Tokio, Yokahoma and Kammakura, but we were quite ready ready to sail for home on the Japanese ship, The Taio Maru. We stopped one day at Honolulu and landed at San Francisco on June 22. There we were met by Paul, who was the last of our family to see us off six months before. The last two days on ship were made most unpleasant by Mrs. Winger getting a severe attack of sciatica. Paul was there with his car, and after being entertained all night in the home of Prof. and Mrs. M. L. Sandifur of San Francisco, Paul drove for us to Long Beach, where we visited friends and then on to La Verne, where I was moderator of our conference. Ida suffered much with her sciatica during the meeting, though we had the best physicians they could call. After the meeting we came to Chicago by Pullman, she staying in bed all the way. We were glad to reach home after a trip of more than 32,000 miles.



Our College Avenue Home



*Another View of Our College
Avenue Home*

OUR HOME ON COLLEGE AVENUE

We lived on College Avenue twenty-seven years. Nettie Senger and Mary Schaeffer each lived in our home two years while attending college, preparing for their work on the mission field. Also Geneva George, now Mrs. Vernon Kinzie and other college girls lived with us for a longer or shorter time. We had many visitors. For thirty years our home was very much like a college guest hotel. Many were the visitors who were served by mother's kind ministrations. But in all this she considered that she received many blessings, for we entertained many whose presence in our home was a blessing. Just to mention a few: Methodist bishops, Edwin H. Hughes, William McDowell, Francis McConnell, the great preacher, Robert E. Speer, The Japanese Christian, Kagawa, The Negro educator, Mordecai Johnson, University presidents, W. L. Bryan and E. H. Lindley and E. B. Bryan and some of the ablest of our Brethren ministers, M. G. Brumbaugh, H. C. Early and many others, and many patrons and friends of the college.

She was active in all college work and was often chosen to head the women's clubs and organizations. As long as health permitted she ably filled her place in both college and church.



Ida Holding Paul



*Ida Holding Paul's Baby, Joe,
Twenty-five Years Later*



*Our Oldest Grandchildren, Vivian and Reva, Just Before We Left for
Our Trip Around the World. Two Reasons Why We Hurried Back*

We rebuilt and enlarged our home in 1922, so we could serve our friends better.

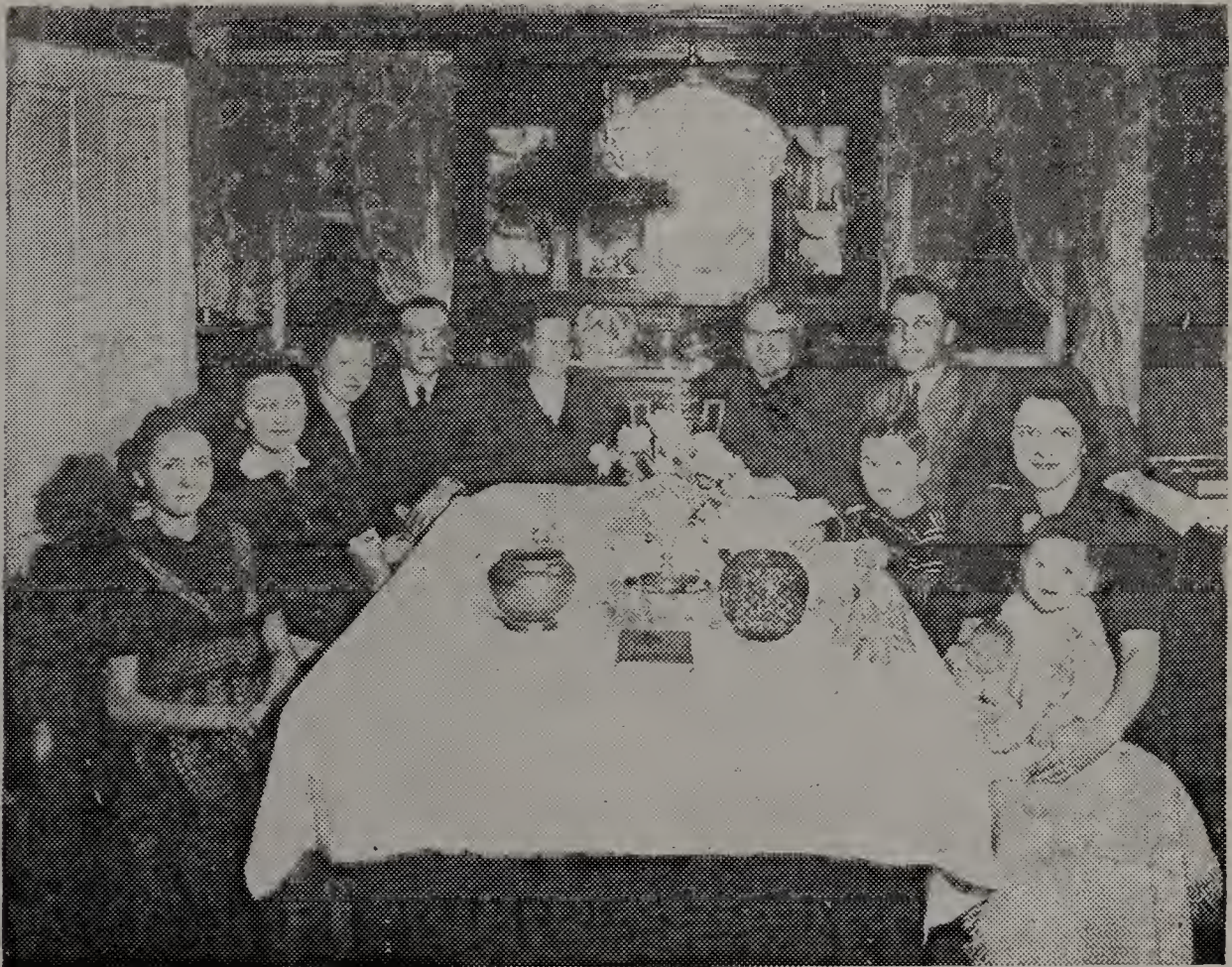
It was a great pleasure to have our children and grandchildren come home to visit. Ida was a devoted mother and a fond grandmother. Nothing pleased her more than to have her children at home.

Failing health made it advisable for me to resign my work to take effect in 1941. So in 1939 we moved to our home on West Main street. This property had come to Ida in the division of her parents' estate. Here we had hoped to spend many quiet years of retirement. But our plans were cut short by mother's home going. In the short time we were permitted to enjoy it we were happy to entertain our children and friends. Our brief stay here was made all the happier by Edith living with us. She was most devoted and helpful to her sister in these last years.



She Was the Guest of Honor When the Business Men of the Town and the Faculty Presented Us with a DeSoto Sedan, at the Close of 34 Years of Service for the College, Thirty of these as President

While we were happy to count many people among our friends and happy to have them call, there was one group to whom we became especially attached. Because of similar ideas on social relationships and similar views on many questions, we came to have more than usual attachments: The three couples besides mother and myself were: Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Homer Gettle of Fort Wayne and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Caylor of Bluffton, Indiana. We would dine in each others homes and spend many hours in sweet fellowship. Our last meeting was in our home, November 7, 1943. Little did we think that it would be our last meeting in this world. For Ida passed away on January 29, 1944, and Dr. Caylor was fatally injured in an auto wreck on July 4, 1944, and passed away the next day. Those of us who remain can never forget the uplifting influence of those times of pleasant fellowship together.



Our Last Christmas at the Home on College Avenue, 1938



Under the Maples



Our First Christmas at Maple Oaks, 1939



Rev. Chas Smith



Mrs. Chas Smith



Mr. and Mrs. Homer Gettle



Dr. and Mrs. Charles Caylor



Maple Oaks from the East



Maple Oaks from the West

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

For a number of years mother's injured leg gave her much trouble. It had been lanced every five or six months to relieve the pain. The doctors were not quite in agreement as to what was best to do. The younger doctors would operate, all agreed that it would be a serious and painful operation. Considering her age and the long standing of the trouble Dr. Charles Caylor questioned the advisability of this. But during the summer of 1943 her condition became worse. Instead of every five or six months, it became necessary to operate every five or six weeks to give her relief. Then the doctors discovered that she had developed a bad case of diabetes. Her father had suffered from this trouble for years. Just before Christmas she had a bad case of the flu for a week. This developed into an inflammation of the liver known as hipatitis, which doctors say, in connection with diabetes is most always fatal. She desired so much to come home, and the physicians, perhaps contrary to their better judgment, gave permission. At home she was waited on by Dr. Bunker, who after a week advised her return to the hospital. Here she had every attention that doctors and nurses could give. It was evident that she was gradually getting worse. Edith and Mrs. Salome Heestand were constantly at her bedside. She herself gave up hope, which was much against her recovery. She had moments of unconsciousness. Between these she would talk to us. Her thoughts were about others. At one time it was about the grandchildren: "Vivian, Reva, Joe, Louann. Tell the kiddies I loved them all." "Take good care of Edith" were her last words to me. In one of her unconscious moments she quietly breathed her last.

AT REST

The undertaker brought mother's body home on Sunday afternoon. From that time until the funeral services on Wednesday afternoon, there was a continuous stream of visitors coming and going, bringing sympathy and flowers. In all there were sixty-six separate pieces of wreathes, bouquets and baskets. She rested in our library room, filled with flowers with their sweet odor. She seemed to rest so peacefully after her labors and sufferings were over. How much we would have desired to have her talk to us and yet we would not want to awake her to her sufferings again, when she wanted so much to "go home and see Jesus" and be at rest.



At Rest

ASLEEP IN JESUS

Asleep in Jesus' blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.
Asleep in Jesus' O how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.
Asleep in Jesus' peaceful rest
Whose waking is supremely blest
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting.
Asleep in Jesus' Time nor space
Affects this precious resting place.
On Indian plains or Lapland's snows
Believers find the same repose.

There was a large crowd at the funeral held at the Walnut Street Church of the Brethren Wednesday afternoon February 2, 1944. Before leaving the home for the Church house our good friend, Dr. Homer Gettle of Fort Wayne lead us in most fervent prayer. At the church, the Men's Quartette from the West Manchester Church sang most beautiful songs. Rev. C. H. Smith of the First M. E. Church, Fort Wayne read the 31st chapter of Proverbs which was the scripture basis of the funeral sermon by Rev. Roy Boaz, pastor of the Walnut Street congregation. Mother always took much interest in his sermons. The following is the gist of his sermon:

FROM THE FUNERAL SERMON BY REV. ROY BOAZ

Luke 10:38-42. Prov. 31:10-31

The home of Mary and Martha in Bethany was a place where Jesus loved to go. It was on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was one of two homes where Jesus loved to visit — the other being the home of Peter in Capernaum. Jesus must have felt at home in this house, for Martha, who seemed to be the head of the home said in familiar tones "Lord dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone. Bid her, therefore that she help me." But Jesus answered: "Mary has chosen that part that shall never be taken away from her." It was a rebuke to Martha, but a praise of the "good part."

She became the light of the home, the light which burns night and day, the light which darkness cannot put out "She loveth well to do the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." How many women these days feed on the bread of idleness, while the ways of her household are left to others.

Children left in the hands of teachers, let go to the movies, are often just sent to be relieved of responsibilities. No wonder we have broken homes and juvenile delinquency. The candles in so many homes have gone out. But there are homes, such as the Winger home, where the candles of Christian light and influence were always burning.

Then the writer of this bit of wisdom goes on further: "The heart of her husband trusteth in her. He shall have no lack of gain. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth with the elders of the land. This again is not news for the front pages of the metropolitan daily. The influence of a godly woman over her husband is immeasurable. She forwards him in good things. His interests becomes her interests are taken into the inner recesses of her heart. She will do him good and not evil all the day of her life. Some of the noblest

chapters of human relationships are those which relate to the fidelity of wives of distinguished husbands. Women who will risk all. Women whose self-sacrificing love is all bound up with the success of their husbands. Women who bring children into the world and share a goodly portion of the responsibility for bringing them up right." She will do him good all the days of his life. Not just a romance in the beginning, but a deep abiding love all the way down to the end of the road."

They will know from her example that the qualities of meekness and humility will abide forever. They will want that peace that passes all understanding because mother had that peace always. Yes, her children will see in a good mother, those characteristics which form the very heart of the Kingdom of God.

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. Yea, she stretcheth out her hand to the poor and needy." Acts of kindness for Christ in the name of Christ. Mary of this picture gives us a classic reminder of the motive for charity. The scene is a notable banquet, no doubt a feast in honor of the resurrection of Lazarus. All that the best markets of Jerusalem could offer was likely purchased by Martha. But something more than costly food was due her Lord. So Mary purchased a pound of ointment, very costly. And waiting her opportunity, broke the vessel and poured the precious ointment over the feet of Jesus as he reclined at the table. Then with the tresses of her hair, she wiped his feet. The house was filled with the ointment. And the world has been filled with the odor of sweet sacrifice ever since. Judas objected, but listen to Jesus "Verily I say unto you whosoever this gospel shall be preached, throughout the whole world, this also which she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial for her." How many kindnesses have been done in the world for Christ: One lent him his boat; another his house; another his beast; another his cup; another his grave. Men witnessed for him; suffered for him; died for him. Mary chose the better part: she gave her heart to him. This was the good part.

It is the key to all other good. It is seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven. There may be kindnesses among unbelievers. But Mary gave her heart to Jesus. This is the better part.

This good shall never be taken away from her. Those who give their hearts in Christ gain immortality, everlasting life. Sister Winger wanted to go home. She knew where the end of the road was. She wanted to be with him whom she had chosen and whom she had

served. She had experienced the joy of a husband's trust. She had the joy of seeing her children rise up and call her blessed. She gave her love, effort and time to the needy. She had given her heart to Christ and now suffering in body her spirit wanted to dwell with the immortals. She could truly say with St. Paul "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give at that day and not for me only but to all them who love his appearing." When he came for her, she was ready to go home.

A TRIBUTE BY PRESIDENT SCHWALM

President Schwalm was to have had a part in the funeral services. He and Mrs. Schwalm could not be present, but he wrote this fitting tribute which was read at the funeral by Dr. R. H. Miller.

A TRIBUTE TO MRS. WINGER

By Dr. V. F. Schwalm

It's a matter of deep regret that Mrs. Schwalm and I cannot attend Mrs. Winger's funeral. As one who has known Mrs. Winger for more than 35 years, I am glad to testify to the strength of character and dignity of personality of this good woman. She was a wife and mother after the Biblical ideal. While her husband carried great responsibilities in college and for the church, she kept the home and provided there a refuge, a source of strength, and a solace for him. Much of her time she was alone. She reared her two boys often without the help of her husband, she provided frequently for unannounced guests and took her part in the work of the church and community.

Mrs. Schwalm and I both feel that we have lost a kind, understanding friend. We cherish the memory of her gracious hospitality and her words of appreciation and encouragement. Her goodness, her devotion to her home, her family, and to her church, as well as her faith in her Lord, will be a cherished memory. May God bless and comfort those who mourn their loss. May the Lord raise up many other American women with her strength of character and her Christian devotion.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,

Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
 “He giveth His beloved, sleep?”
And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One, most loving of you all,
Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall!
He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

A GOOD HOME

Additional Remarks by Dr. Miller

The Home in which Mrs. Winger has played her role of Wife and Mother has been both cosmopolitan and Christian in the best sense of these terms. In it children have romped and played. Young people have never doubted their welcome there. It has been a city of refuge for hundreds who have found life hard for them. Mrs. Winger has been a gracious hostess to all sorts and conditions of people. Nationally and internationally known leaders in religion, education, government and business have shared her hospitality. But that home has been equally warm and open to the poorest, weakest and most ignorant of men. I personally have seen the light of hope dawn in the lives of the lowly at the thought that they should “rate” in the home of the President of a great college. That spirit represents the best in the tradition of the Church she loved. Let us emulate it!

IN MEMORY OF MY FRIEND

The following obituary was prepared by Mrs. Alice K. Ebey. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel King, whose home was near the Miller home. Mrs. Ebey taught in Manchester College and with her husband, Rev. Adam Ebey, spent more than thirty years as a missionary in India.

“One of God’s best gifts is a friend whose love understands and abides. Such a friend was Ida May Winger to me and to many others scattered far and wide over the face of the earth. Our friendship began in childhood and throughout the years has grown deeper and richer. As children we were next-door neighbors. She and her sister, my sisters and I were inseparable companions until we had homes of our own many miles apart. We played together, we worshiped in the same church, we went to school together, and we together dreamed

of the future. Then we roomed together at Mount Morris College. The friendship of these later years in the same town has been the best of all.

She was the second daughter of Amos and Sarah Cupp Miller and was born on a farm northwest of North Manchester August 31, 1875. A few years later the family moved near the West Manchester church where she grew to womanhood. She graduated from the North Manchester High School in 1893, taught two years in the Acme country school, and two years at Citronelle, Alabama. She was in Manchester College two years and taught two years in the business department.

When a young girl she united with the Church of the Brethren. She never lost her first love for the church, but grew more deeply interested in the work of Christ, locally and at large.

On July 24, 1902, she and Brother Otho Winger were united in marriage. Both of them attended Indiana University, Mrs. Winger taking courses in art. In her home may be seen oil paintings and beautiful needlework made by her hands. They lived in Grant County several years, when Brother Winger was principal of schools at Sweetser and at Hope, Indiana.

They returned to North Manchester in 1907, when Brother Winger began his work in the college, first as a teacher, then as president. For twenty-seven years they lived on College Avenue. The labors and success of Brother Winger are well known, but the story of Sister Winger's self-forgetful work and willing sacrifice is known to only a few of her friends. She was closely associated with her husband in all his undertakings and accompanied him in many of his travels. They visited every state in the union and in 1927-28 made a trip around the world, visiting twenty-four different countries.

Besides her husband, there are left two sons, Robert of Lansing and Paul of Sturgis, Michigan, and four grandchildren, Vivian, Reva, Joe and Lou Ann. Two sisters, Mrs. A. M. Stine and Edith Miller, and a brother, A. L. Miller of Syracuse, survive.

During the past years Edith has lived in the Winger home and has been a source of great comfort and strength to them in these days of failing health.

Through all her pain and suffering, Sister Winger was patient, forgetting self and remembering others. The anointing service gave her comfort and courage. She died at the Bluffton hospital, January 29, 1944.



The Old Brick Church in the Vale



Mother's Monument in Pleasant Hill Cemetery.

Funeral services were conducted by Bro. Roy Boaz, pastor of Walnut Street Church of the Brethren assisted by Rev. Smith of Fort Wayne. She was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill cemetery near her childhood home.—Alice K. Ebey, North Manchester, Indiana.

Mother's body was laid to rest in the family section of the Pleasant Hill cemetery, near the West Manchester Church of the Brethren. There she rests near her parents and many other relatives and friends. She loved the song "The Church in the Wildwood. The following song is a variation of that song to meet the local situation, which is similar but slightly different.

THE CHURCH IN THE VALE

*Varied from the hymn by James Rowe
to fit the local situation.*

There's a church in the valley near the wildwood
No lovelier place in the vale.
No place is so dear in our memory
As the old brick church in the vale.

How sweet on a clear Sunday morning
To meet for the church-Sunday school
The friends and the neighbors assembling
Beneath the shade trees so cool.

The songs that we sang were so holy
They inspired every heart to its best
And near to us lay in the church yard
The forms of our dear ones at rest.

From this old church in the valley
When day fades away into night
We would gladly be laid by a loved one
To wake in the city of light.

Since mother's home-going, I have received hundreds of letters, expressing sympathy and comfort. While I have appreciated all of these very much, the one that meant most to me was the prayer of our baby granddaughter, Louann, the six year old daughter of Paul and Esther; Her mother pausing on the stairway, just outside her door, overheard her evening prayer: "Oh Lord. I miss my grandma. You know I love her. But Oh Lord, I know you will take good care of her." What finer words could be said by any one, especially by a child. What greater faith and hope could be expressed. May that be the faith and hope of us all.



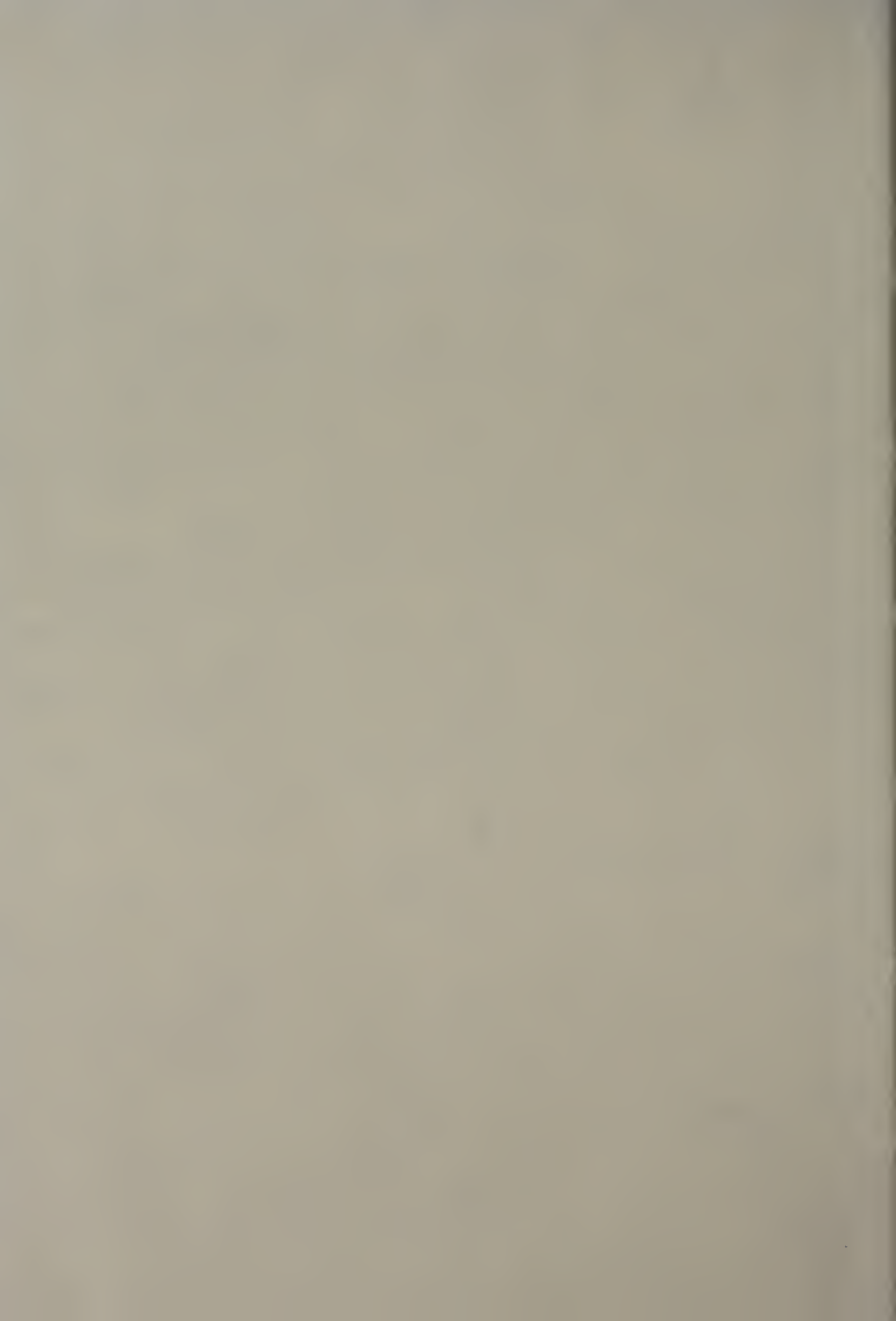
Louann

A FAVORITE POEM

Mother had a liking for good poems and sayings. She collected many clippings from newspapers and magazines, and many that she had copied by hand. One of these was found in her desk on the morning that she left home for the hospital. Sister Mabel Moomaw read it to her shortly before the anointing service.

JUST TO THINK

Of stepping on shore and finding it Heaven
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand;
Of breathing new air and finding it celestial air;
Of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm
Of waking up and finding it home.



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